

## **Mozote**

Prevent our numb funeral wreath demise:  
Is it that he was still truly waiting  
for this "without heart"? For realness of guns?  
Faith climbs before the death of her. Try as  
hard as the day does, to protect my breasts  
upon the mountain, from the machette. Newborn  
light crawls as the hour is seized. Stow up the  
night, seize up the night, it will be like small  
coffin. Nurse and nurse thru blood, the bedtime  
strangled as coffee grounds. The president  
will not see her letters, his scrawled loving  
signature without balls will not stiffen  
to this skinning. Our children get drunk  
under the beds while the women get numb.

## **Mozote**

In little openings record alley  
way voices Account! Account! we blackens  
mouth holes mooring. I look and this is such  
the recorded pain of diamonds falling.  
The rosignol won't preserve envy or  
murmur, though his word of the winds has been  
since August. He says "War, the witness" hides  
beneath shudder and shrubs, falling, there is  
no being born in this alley. She borns  
witness, saying "look how I throw off all  
pain" is skin reordered, chair reworded.  
My price is obliterate, take it for  
Non, do you need it (diamonds falling)  
Do you heed tremble (insane of shadow).